

Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, intelligently and valuably for the household and the business man. Reaching so many households in this and other cities, the limited space even to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROYAL WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 255, Order Sons of St. George—Perry Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 687, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss E. M. Cowley, President; Miss M. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 71, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master; William H. Langley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBORO LODGE, No. 88, N. E. O. P.—Dudley Campbell, Master; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champlin, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Recorder of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; E. J. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

CLAN MCLODD, No. 103—James Graham, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Washington Commandery

At the annual convocation of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, held Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

E. Commander—George C. Lawton. Generalissimo—Elbert A. Sisson. Captain General—Robert W. Curry. Prelate—E. Robert S. Franklin. Assistant Prelate—Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D.

Senior Warden—Clark Burdick. Junior Warden—William Champlin. Treasurer—William J. Cozzens. Recorder—E. David Stevens. Standard Bearer—John D. Richardson.

Assistant Standard Bearer—M. Chilton King. Sword Bearer—Sidney B. Gladding. Warden—F. Augustus Ward. Guards—Robert Frame, C. Royal Blackmar, Harry L. Burlingame. Sentinel—J. Gottlieb Spangler.

Em. Sir William H. Langley was elected trustee of the funds in place of Em. Sir William J. Underwood, deceased. The election was presided over and the officers installed by Past Grand Commander Sanborn, assisted by Em. Sir Robert S. Franklin as Grand Marshal, and Em. Sirs Henry C. Stevens, Jr., and William H. Langley as tellers.

At the close of the meeting an elegant Past Commander's Jewel was presented to the retiring Commander, E. Sir William H. Walcott, by Past Grand Commander Sanborn in behalf of the Commandery, the recipient responding in an appropriate and feeling manner.

Mrs. Joseph Stickney of New York gave a dinner party in the European dining room of the Mt. Washington Hotel, White Mountains, on Thursday to a coterie of Newport cottagers, including Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Natalie Schenck Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leeds, Harry L. Lebr, Max Miller and M. Des Portes, the French minister.

It is rumored that the condition of Mrs. Astor, since her illness in Boston, is not at all satisfactory to her friends. Although she drives out daily she is under constant attendance, and her son and daughter are expected here at any time. It is believed that she will remain here for some time instead of returning to New York.

The body of an unknown man was found in the Seaconnet River at Tiverton Wednesday evening under circumstances which indicated suicide. The man was seen to wade out into the river and sink beneath the surface.

Chapter Centennial.

The one hundredth anniversary of the organization of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, occurred this week and was celebrated according to the programme announced in last week's Mercury. Sunday evening the Chapter met in large numbers and attended divine worship at the First Presbyterian Church where special services had been arranged for the occasion. Most Excellent Companion Robert S. Franklin, Past Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of the State, read a history of the organization through the hundred years of its existence. This history we publish in full on another page of this paper.

The Rev. Companion Dr. Webb, pastor of the church, preached an eloquent sermon appropriate for the occasion, and special music was rendered by the choir under the leadership of Companion Dr. H. H. Luther. The exercises throughout were of an interesting and instructive nature and were listened to by a large congregation.

Tuesday evening in Masonic Hall the Centennial exercises were concluded by a banquet at which there was a large gathering of members and invited guests, the latter representing the Grand Chapter of the State, nearly all the subordinate Chapters, the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State, and other organizations.

After the banquet addresses were delivered by Mr. W. W. Walter A. Presbrey, Grand Master of Masons, who spoke for the Grand Lodge; Mr. E. E. Horne S. Richardson of Providence, who spoke for the General Grand Chapter of the United States; Mr. E. Nelson A. Hall of Warren, Grand High Priest, who spoke for the Grand Chapter; and John P. Sanborn and Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., the latter speaking for the order in general. Companion Clark Burdick acted as toastmaster.

The entertainment was a success throughout and brought to a fitting close the one hundred years of organic existence of one of Newport's institutions.

Drowned While Bathing.

P. J. Darcy, of Boston, a groom in the employ of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, was drowned while bathing at Bailey's Beach last Sunday morning. He was a strong swimmer and it is supposed that the fatality was caused by cramps. Darcy went to the beach early in the morning for what he called his last swim before returning to Boston. He went in at the west end, being the only bather in the water at the time. Although the sea was running high he had no hesitancy in venturing in for he had been accustomed to bathing at the beach nearly every morning during his stay here.

After he had been in the water a few minutes he was heard to call out and a number of men who were at the bath houses at the other end of the beach rushed to his assistance. He was thrown toward the shore by a huge wave and was drawn to the beach by one of the life guards but life was found to be extinct. The Medical Examiner after viewing the body gave permission for its removal to Boston.

In accordance with a vote of the executive committee of the Newport Carnival the treasurer has sent to the creditors a check for fifty per cent. of their accounts with the statement that the balance will be paid as soon as the money can be raised. The suggestion has been made that some time during the winter a fair be held by the Citizens Business Association for the purpose of raising a sufficient amount to liquidate the debt incurred by the Carnival.

Paymaster Franklin P. Sackett, U. S. N., son of Brigadier General Frederic M. Sackett of the State Militia, has been ordered to the Training Station to relieve Paymaster Skipworth who is detached. Assistant Paymaster W. N. Hughes has also been ordered to the Training Station.

A colored man was arrested at the Wickford boat last Saturday night on the charge of larceny of a watch from Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Perry at Wickford Junction. Nothing could be proved against him and he was released after being searched.

Mr. William H. Martin, for nearly thirty years editor and proprietor of the Warren Gazette, died at his home in Warren on Thursday after a long illness. He was well known and very popular in Bristol County.

Through the efforts of the Civic League a number of objectionable posters have been removed from the billboards.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sherman, Jr., have returned from an extended trip, including Niagara Falls, Toronto, the Thousand Islands and Montreal.

Recent Deaths.

B. B. H. Sherman.

Mr. Benjamin B. H. Sherman died at his residence on Broadway Sunday evening after a brief illness, death being due to heart trouble. He had been suffering for some days but at times seemed to be better until Sunday when he was seized by another attack and passed away.

Mr. Sherman was one of the best known business men of Newport. At the time of his death he was cashier of the Union National Bank, but had been engaged in the grocery business for many years. His death occurred on his fifty-sixth birthday, he having been born on September 16, 1850, the son of Robert and Susan Howland Sherman. After completing his education in the public schools he went to work in the grocery of C. Sherman & Co., the firm being composed of his uncle, Charles Sherman, and his father, Robert Sherman. He was subsequently admitted to partnership and upon the death of the two older members he conducted the business alone, until 1902 when he sold out in order to devote his entire time to his duties as cashier of the Union National Bank, to which office he had been elected in July, 1901.

Mr. Sherman was prominent in financial and social circles. In addition to his duties as cashier of the bank he had been for many years a director of the same institution, as well as serving as trustee of the Savings Bank of Newport, of the Newport Hospital and of the Peoples' Library. He was one of the Trustees of Long Wharf. He was one of the charter members of the old Business Men's Association and one of the founders of the Mintonian Club. He had been for many years an attendant at the United Congregational Church.

Mr. Sherman married Charlotte A. Lawton, daughter of the late William H. Lawton, who survives him. He also leaves three children, and two sisters, Mrs. Stephen A. Gardiner of New London, and Miss Elizabeth G. Sherman of this city.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Broadway Wednesday afternoon and were largely attended. Rev. J. A. Richards of the United Congregational Church officiated. The bearers were Thomas G. Brown, J. Truman Burdick, G. Norman Weaver, William H. Hammett, Edward A. Brown and William A. Coggeshall. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Mrs. Alfred W. Chase.

Mrs. Alfred W. Chase died on Wednesday at the private hospital of Dr. Rufus E. Darrah after an operation for appendicitis. She was stricken with the malady several days before her death and an operation was deemed necessary, but complications developed and her advanced years were against her recovery.

Mrs. Chase was the wife of Mr. Alfred W. Chase, principal of the Cranston School. Until about fifteen years ago they retained their residence in Middletown where the deceased was prominent in many lines of activity. She was formerly a teacher in the Peabody School there and was an active worker in the Methodist Church. Since residing in Newport she had been actively connected with the work of the First M. E. Church, and was recently elected president of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Besides her husband she leaves one son, Dr. Walter L. Chase, and one daughter, Miss Ida R. Chase who was formerly a teacher in the Rogers High School.

Killed at Fort Adams.

Ephraim Lajoie, a private of the Seventy-eighth Company, Coast Artillery, walked out of a window in the barracks at Fort Adams last Saturday morning and received a full which resulted in his death at the Post Hospital within a few hours. He was supposed to have been walking in his sleep when the accident occurred.

Funeral services were held at the Fort Monday morning and the remains were escorted to the railroad station to be sent to Hartford, his former home. When the body reached Providence it was held by the authorities of that city for a time owing to the lack of proper certificate, but later the trouble was straightened out, and the remains were forwarded to Hartford.

James G. Blaine 3d has gone to Cambridge to take a special course of instruction that will enable him to enter the Sophomore Class of Harvard University next year.

Mr. Philip R. Case received word yesterday of the death, Wednesday morning in Santa Barbara, Cal., of his brother, Perry G. Case, a grandson of the late Perry G. Case of this city.

Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald and Miss Louisa M. French are spending their vacation at Bethlesem, N. H.

Election of Officers.

Nina Lynette Home.

President—Rev. E. H. Porter. Vice Presidents—W. W. Sherman, W. L. Sheffield, Mrs. W. W. Sherman, W. L. Sheffield, Mrs. W. W. Sherman, W. L. Sheffield.

Directors—Dr. C. F. Barker, Francis S. Barker, Mrs. C. F. Barker, Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs, Mrs. John Clinton Gray, E. Livingston Ludlow, Miss Ellen P. Mason, L. L. Stimmons, Lordard Spencer, Mrs. Lordard Spencer, Mrs. Amelia J. Tamm, Benjamin P. Turner, Mrs. Fred W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, Miss Deborah Stoddard, Mrs. William R. Hunter, Mrs. W. L. Stoddard, Mrs. Leavitt, George P. Lawton.

Committee on real estate—Benjamin F. Turner, Francis S. Barker. Committee on subscriptions—Miss Amelia Turner, Miss Ellen P. Mason, Miss Deborah Stoddard.

Civic League.

At the annual meeting of the Civic League, held in the Channing Parlor Monday afternoon, the various annual reports showed a condition that was very pleasing to the members. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. M. S. W. Marsh. Vice President—Mrs. Alfred G. Langley. Mrs. Ruth B. Franklin. Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary F. Lawton. Recording Secretary—Miss Eleanor Barker. Treasurer—Mrs. Richard C. Derby.

Court Pride, No. 12, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Thomas Ryan. Sub Chief Ranger—John P. Martin. Treasurer—William H. Sisson. Financial Secretary—Maurice Roche. Recording Secretary—Daniel A. Roseman. Senior Woodward—Joseph H. Gill. Junior Woodward—John J. Kelly. Senior Beadle—John Connolly. Junior Beadle—Patrick O'Brien. Lecturer—Patrick R. Condon. Trustees for the year—James A. Gier, Physician—Dr. E. V. Murphy. Druggists—David J. Byrne and Charles M. Cole.

Protection of Birds.

An official notice as to shooting and trespassing on other people's lands appears in our columns to-day and may be read with advantage by hunters and sportsmen, who sometimes transgress the law without knowing it.

November and December are now the only two months in which it is lawful to shoot partridge, quail or woodcock, even on one's own land. Their sale is not lawful now in the State of Rhode Island. Black duck and woodcock, however, may now be killed; the time for shooting them is from 15th August in one year until the 31st March of the following year.

Fall River Line Changes.

Commencing Sunday September 30th, steamers of the Fall River Line will touch at Newport, R. I., on Sundays, as well as week-days, between Fall River and New York. Commencing Monday, October 8th, 1906, the leaving time of steamers from New York will be 6:00 instead of 5:30 P. M., as at present.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Joshua Stacy the upper part of his house, No. 37 Howard street, to George W. Clark.

There was a slight fire in the Fashion Store at 144 Thames street Monday evening which might have proved serious. The fire apparently originated from a gas cooking stove which set fire to the store in the temporary absence of the man in charge. A still alarm was struck and the flames were soon extinguished but not until considerable damage was done. In the absence of the proprietor, L. B. Rubenstein, who has been in New York, the store was closed for a few days following the fire.

Mr. Harry Sedgwick was tried in the district court on Tuesday on a charge of overspeeding a motor-cycle on the evening of August 28. The trial was a long one and the defendant was discharged, having proved that he was at home at the time that the over-speeding occurred.

Miss Christine Perry left New York Wednesday evening to enter the Pratt School. She was accompanied to New York by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner S. Perry. Miss Lydia Barker, daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. A. Barker, will leave for New York to-night to enter the same institution.

Rev. Frank Woods Baker, D. D., a former rector of the old Zion Church of this city, died at Islesboro, Me., on Wednesday. Until May, 1905, he was rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, Conn. He is survived by a widow and three children.

The condition of the section of Bellevue avenue that was treated to a coating of oil recently is now giving satisfaction as the oil has dried out. There is no dust and drivers and others appreciate the improvement.

Two persons have been arrested and fined on a charge of selling cigarettes to minors under the age of 16. The police are determined to stamp out this violation of the law.

Mrs. Geo. A. Littlefield was in the city Friday.

Dr. W. C. Stoddard is on his annual vacation at Bethlesem, N. H.

Sues the Sea View.

Suit has been begun in behalf of Chief Yeoman Buezle, U. S. Navy, against the Newport Amusement Association, owners of the Sea View Dancing Pavilion, for \$500 damages for being excluded from the dance hall after purchasing a ticket of admission. This is the case that has attracted considerable attention on account of the allegation of sailors in the navy that they are discriminated against because of their uniforms. The management of the pavilion made it a rule at the beginning of the season that no man dressed in any uniform whatsoever should be admitted, and this rule has been strictly adhered to, considerable talk having been made in consequence. In his declaration the plaintiff states that after purchasing a ticket entitling him to admission he was refused admission to the hall on the evening of September 8. He sues to recover the amount paid for the ticket and for damages for the "annoyance, mortification, indignity and humiliation" suffered by him.

The weather of the past week has been very decidedly changeable. At one time it was so cold that in some houses furnace fires were started, and this cold spell was followed by days as warm as any that we had all summer and much more oppressive. Sunday was very cool and felt like the approach of fall, by all odds the coldest of the season, and in the evening there were many fires built up to keep warm. Monday was warmer and very pleasant, Tuesday was warmer still and Wednesday brought back the oppressive heat of mid-summer. The thermometer registered well over 80 degrees in the shade and everybody suffered greatly from the heat. In the afternoon there was a brisk rainfall and in the evening there was lightning visible at a distance but there was no electrical storm in Newport, as many expected that there would be. Thursday was somewhat uncomfortable but not so warm as the previous day.

There was an alarm of fire from Box 512 last Saturday evening for a fire in an electric automobile at the residence of E. Rollin Morse on Bellevue avenue. Chemical No. 2 was the first on the scene and quickly extinguished the flames but not until the machine had been considerably damaged. A few minutes later there was a still alarm for a fire in a gasoline automobile owned by Pay Inspector I. Goodwin Hobbs. The machine was destroyed.

At the afternoon service at the Shiloh Baptist Church last Sunday Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was present and preached the sermon, taking for her text, "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt." She was presented to the congregation by the pastor, Rev. H. N. Jeter, D. D., who spoke briefly of the work that she had accomplished for the cause. In spite of her advanced years Mrs. Howe appeared in excellent health and read her address firmly, without the use of glasses.

Miss Alice F. Higbee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Higbee, has arrived in Topeka, Kansas, to begin her duties as head of the English department at the College of the Sisters of Bethany (Episcopal).

The preliminary voting lists for the fall elections have been posted about the city according to law. The galvanized iron bulletin board has again been erected on Washington square where the lists for every ward are displayed.

Miss Nellie Connelly fell from the Cliff Walk last Saturday evening while suffering from a fainting spell. She landed in shallow water and was quite severely injured. She was removed to the Newport Hospital and is now recovering.

Miss Lillian Barrett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett, starts next Monday for Montgomery, Alabama, to begin her duties as teacher in one of the leading girls' seminaries of the South.

Miss Mary S. Tilley, a teacher in the Potter School, fell on the school steps on Thursday and suffered a broken collar bone. She is resting as comfortably as could be expected.

Hon. P. F. McGowan, president of the board of aldermen of New York City, is guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McCormick.

Col. George H. Vaughan is able to attend to his duties as clerk of the police commission, after his recent illness.

Mr. Herbert P. Crowley, son of Chief of Police James R. Crowley, has left for Mercersburg, Pa., to enter college.

Mr. and Mrs. Overton G. Langley have been entertaining their son, Mr. R. D. Langley of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Jordan of this city will take up their residence in Philadelphia.

Middletown.

Court of Probate. At the Court of Probate held on Monday last the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of C. Henry Congdon. Inventory was presented, allowed and ordered recorded. Guardian was authorized to sell property at private sale, and directed to give an additional bond in the sum of \$3000.00. Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. The personal citation was returned as served and further notice was ordered published, on petition for the appointment of Harriet B. Chase, as Guardian.

Estate of Alice M. Davies. The petition of Julien T. Davies her Executor, to have filed and recorded an exemplified copy of her will was referred to the third Monday of October with an order of notice.

Estate of Stephen P. Weaver. Elizabeth W. and Sarah (C. Coggeshall) presented a petition for the appointment of Alton F. Coggeshall as administrator which was continued to the third Monday of October with an order of notice.

Estate of Philip Peckham. Lydia W. Peckham prefers her petition to be appointed Administratrix which is also referred to the third Monday of October and previous notice ordered to be given.

In Town Council Joel Peckham, as Collector of Taxes was directed to give bond in the sum of \$10,000.00 with Joseph Coggeshall and Charles Peckham as sureties. Arthur L. Peckham was appointed a Committee to have charge of the Benjamin Smith Burying Ground.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered to be paid from the town treasury. For highway work, Elmer B. Sisson in District

No. 1,	William S. Caswell in District	\$219 84
No. 2,	Nathan B. Brown in District	41 50
No. 3,	A. & H. G. Hammett, material for repairing bridge near Hanging Rocks	55 78
No. 4,	State of Rhode Island, costs arising out of the complaint against Thomas A. O'Gorman for fast driving	51 28
	Accounts for the relief of the	31 35
	Total	\$441 94

EVIDENCES OF THE APPROACHING POLITICAL CONTEST.

The Citizens Association has selected standard bearers for the fall campaign and the members are canvassing to obtain the sealings and preferences of voters, holding frequent conferences, looking after the qualification of voters and taking other measures to insure the election of their candidates. A large and enthusiastic movement is being made for the future. Some members of the association are already confident of the election of their nominees.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard and family who have been occupying "The English place" near 2nd Beach, during the summer months, returned Monday to their home in Brookline, Mass.

An interesting meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held on Tuesday afternoon at the parsonage with Mrs. H. H. Critchlow.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham are spending the week at Bethlesem, N. H.

In company with her mother, Mrs. Lilla Greenman, Mrs. Reuben Wallace Peckham and her elder son Master Harris Peckham, are spending the month in Connecticut.

The land on the south side of Hunneman Hill owned by Mr. Benjamin Hall is about to be divided by a road and small houses are to be erected on either side. Work on the cellar is progressing rapidly.

Mr. Joseph A. Peckham returned Monday from Vermont.

Miss Grace Chandler Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ward, is confined to her home by illness.

The Good Citizens Association are preparing to give a supper and social at Oakland Hall in the near future, a meeting having been called at Mr. Abram A. Brown's on Monday last to complete the arrangements.

Rev. Charles Coit of Baltimore, son of the late Rev. Henry A. Coit, D. D., of Concord, N. H., placed last week, in the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, a large memorial tablet "In loving memory of Eleanor Stewart Coit; born in Newport October 6, 1872; died in Baltimore June 3, 1906." Miss Coit, who spent many summers with her sister, Mrs. J. P. Conover on Indian avenue, was known during recent years as "Sister Eleanor," her life being one of devoted service in the All Saints Episcopal Sisterhood of Baltimore.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church resumed on Wednesday evening their suppers and socials at vestry where a very pleasant evening was enjoyed. A "Boston supper" of brown bread and beans was served at six, in charge of the president, Mrs. A. Herbert Ward and later a short programme of music with a reading by Mrs. Critchlow, was given by the Epworth League members. A large portion of the evening was devoted to the discussion of the proposed building of a new church. A number of drawings of other churches were exhibited. The sum of \$384.00 has already been raised and the outlook that the sum will continue to increase, is favorable.

Miss Grace Leonard, daughter of Dr. Charles H. Leonard of Providence who was spending Sunday last with Mrs. Joseph E. Albro, was taken suddenly ill during the day and upon a consultation in the evening was removed to the Newport Hospital. While in a critical condition for several days, she has been improving the latter part of the week.

Mr. C. Arthur Brownell and Miss Joseph J. Hackett have gone to Orono, Maine, to resume their studies at Maine State College.

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy.

Author of
"The
Wings
of the
Morning"
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Edward J. Clade

CHAPTER XVII.

STEPHEN BRAND and the two girls passed silently down the broad stairs of the hotel unaccompanied by any of the others. There was nothing incomprehensible in this or any savor of discourtesy.

In the first place, Mr. Traill was so profoundly shocked by the lighthouse keeper's revelation that he collapsed into a chair and remained there, bowed and wordless, for many minutes. Both Pyne and Stanhope did move toward the door, but Enid, watchful, self-sacrificing, eager to save those she loved from further pain, telegraphed an emphatic order to Stanhope to remain where he was, and Pyne murmured to him:

"Guess she's right, anyhow. We'll all feel a heap better in the morning."

The person who exhibited the clearest signs of distress was Lady Margaret. Her position was one of extraordinary difficulty. Three of the actors in the breathless scene which had been sprung on her with the suddenness of an explosion were absolute strangers in her life before that evening.

Brand she knew indeed, but only by sight. She had met Constance and Enid occasionally, at arm's length, so to speak, regarding them truly as dangerous young persons whose marriageable sons were concerned. Enid had justified her suspicions, and her ladyship had yielded so far as to give her approval to an engagement she could not prove.

Circumstances had conspired to force her hand. Stanhope, being an outspoken young man, had made no secret of his desperate resolve to rescue Enid, and the newspaper's supplied the remainder of the romance, and even Lady Margaret herself had contributed to it under the magnetic influence of the hour.

It was one thing, however, to be thrilled with the adventures of the rock-bound people, but quite another to figure prominently in connection with a social scandal of the first magnitude. She knew Penance too well to hope that the incident would sink into oblivion. Obviously the matter could not rest in its present stage. She must expect disagreeable disclosures, significant head-shakings of those who knew little of the matter, and she knew the tea-party of a small town would be a loyal to the girl whom she had chosen as his helpmate.

This same son, too, after he had recovered from the amazement of Mrs. Vansittart's dramatic departure and Brand's admission, betrayed a composure that was distinctly irritating.

"You won't mind if we smoke, mother," he said. "The situation requires tobacco. Don't you feel like that, Pyne?"

"If Lady Margaret doesn't object, I admit that different sorts of poison might act as tonics," answered Pyne. "Here, uncle, try a brandy and soda. Lady Margaret, a glass of champagne. I've been expecting a disturbance, but didn't look for it tonight."

"Why do you say that, Charlie?" asked Mr. Traill, rising and stretching his limbs as a man who tests his bones after a heavy fall.

"It was hanging around, just as one prophesies a storm after an electrical feeling in the air. Mrs. Vansittart recognized Brand and made her calculations accordingly. Let us give her the credit due to her. As soon as she discovered him, the marriage project was off."

"I had that kind of impression myself. Glad I mentioned it to you now." "Of course you are. I'll bet any reasonable man that Mrs. Vansittart intended to leave Penance tomorrow as soon as she had made you understand that she could not, under any circumstances, become my aunt."

A ghost of a smile flitted across Mr. Traill's face. His nephew's way of putting things was delightfully unequivocal.

"What we are apt to lose sight of," continued Pyne, "is the manner in which Brand received what must have been a staggering blow. He met his wife tonight after a separation of more than twenty years. And how he took it! When he spoke it was really in her behalf. The thing is too amazing. Of course, now that the thunder and lightning have started, the sky will clear all the sooner."

"Unhappily, such affairs do not arrange themselves so readily," snapped Lady Margaret. She was becoming more angry with each wave of reflection. "Young men like you do not realize the effect of such unpleasant exposures of family life. How will the early history of her parents affect the future of Constance Brand? As for the other girl!"

Her ladyship threw up her hands in helpless abandonment. To her mind the adoption of poor Enid, the sea wall, assumed a darker appearance now that Brand's matrimonial adventures revealed sinister features.

Jack Stanhope caught her by the shoulder.

"Mother," he cried, "before you say another word let me tell you something you ought to know. Enid is Mr. Traill's daughter!"

Now, this good woman loved her son dearly. All her thoughts were of him and for him. Her look of blank incredulity yielded to the comprehension she saw writ on all three faces.

She burst into tears.

"Apparently I am the last person to be taken into anybody's confidence," she sobbed.

"Mother," said Mr. Traill, bending over her, "in this instance at least you have no cause to feel aggrieved. Neither the girl herself, nor her sister by adoption, nor Mrs. Vansittart, to whom, until the past half hour, I con-

sidered myself to be engaged, is aware of the undoubted fact which your son has just told you. Let me say that I, as her father, am proud to think she has won the affections of such a man as Stanhope. There is no reason why you, his mother, should not be equally satisfied with the pedigree and prospects of my daughter."

His calm assumption of a rank equal if not superior to her own was convincing to a woman of her temperament. Assuredly that evening was a memorable one to her ladyship. The repose of Vere de Vere was rudely shocked for once. Nevertheless the knowledge that her lifelong ambition had been realized in a way little dreamed of by any of those most concerned was in itself consoling. Mr. Traill, quite unconsciously, loomed large in the social eye of Penance, and the widowed lady had not been so long withdrawn from the wealth-worshipping world of London as to be wholly unlearned with the worship of the golden calf.

So it was with quickened interest that she set herself to listen to the story of Enid's parentage, and, if her fear of local gossip mongers shrank as her perception of Enid's real social position increased, much might be forgiven to the motherly sentiment that no wife can be too good for an excellent son.

Meanwhile Brand and the sorrow-laden girls, ushered by obsequious servants to the entrance hall, were constrained to comfort themselves with true British pliancy in view of the interest caused by their appearance.

The hour was not late, about 9.30. Even while the hall porter was summoning a cab the news spread, within and without, that the lighthouse keeper and his daughters, whose exploits filled the minds of all men, were standing near the door.

Several people, complete strangers, came to them and offered warm congratulations. A smart journalist pressed forward and wore his own complimentary phrases into an interview. A crowd gathered quickly on the pavement. Policemen, those marshals of every English demonstration, cleared a path for them through the throng. So, with smiling words on their lips and anguish in their hearts, they made a triumphant exit. How little could the friendly enthusiasts who cheered them realize that these three had been strangled by the deadly malevolence of fate in the very hour when a great achievement had ended happily.

Enid suffered almost as keenly as Brand and his daughter. Their joys and sorrows were hers. The startling nature of Brand's avowal rendered it difficult for either Enid or Constance to piece together certain fragmentary memories of Mrs. Vansittart's odd behavior during her enforced sojourn on the rock. So thoroughly had she shattered those dimly outlined impressions by the quietly vivacious charm of her manner at dinner that they both experienced a jumble of sensations. A terrified woman, in wet and torn clothing, covering in the gaunt interior of a storm-girt lighthouse, is a very different being when attired in expensive garments and surrounded by the luxuries of a first class hotel.

It was a relief to drive to their cottage in silence, yet so easily moulded is our human clay, it was a greater relief when the tension of the noisy rattle of the cab was relaxed. It cost some effort to assure Mrs. Sheppard, a buxom, motherly soul of sixty or thereabouts, that they could not possibly eat any supper. The effort was forthcoming. They pleaded weariness, and at last they were alone.

Constance knelt by her father's side when he dropped listlessly into the armchair placed in his accustomed corner.

"Now, dad," she said, bravely unemotional, "there will be no more tears. Tell me all that I ought to know."

Enid drew a hassock to his feet and seated herself there, clasping her hands about her knees.

"Whatever she did I am sorry for her," said the girl decisively. "And she cannot have been a really bad woman, dad, or you would not have loved her once."

Brand sighed deeply. His strong will had deserted him for a little while. He shrank from the ordeal before him. Why should he be called on to sully the mirror of his daughter's innocence by revealing to her the disgrace of her mother?

Constance caught something of the dread in his soul.

"Don't tell me if it hurts you, dad. I am content to hear more than I have borne tonight if it lessens your sufferings," she whispered.

He placed an arm around each of them.

"It is God's will," he said, "that I should have to face many trials at a period when I expected nothing but some few years of quiet happiness."

"Nothing in this world can part us from you," said Constance.

"Oh, nothing," agreed Enid solemnly, nestling closer. Her earnestness was helpful. He smiled wistfully.

"You forget, Enid, that there is a grave chance of you, at any rate, leaving me for another," he said.

She flushed.

"That is the worst of girls getting married," she protested. "They are He placed an arm around each of them,

supposed to be delighted because they are going to live with strange people. Girls who are of that mind cannot be happy at home. If I thought that being married to Jack implied separation from you and Constance—"

"You would give him up and weep your eyes out," he pressed her pointing lips together as he went on: "No,

my dear ones, I wish both of you to be prepared for very unexpected changes. Two most important events in your lives have taken place within a few hours. Constance, if you saw your mother tonight, Enid also saw her father. I have known for two days that Enid's father is Mr. Traill."

For an instant, it must be confessed, Constance and Enid alike feared that the mental and physical strain he had undergone had temporarily deranged him. It was not sheer incredulity, but real terror, he saw in their eyes. Somehow, their self-effacement in his behalf touched him more keenly than anything else had done during this troubled period.

He bowed his head. A strong man in agony cannot endure the scrutiny of loving eyes.

"Enid," he said brokenly, "my words to you must be few. Good fortune needs but slight explanation. The proofs of my statement I do not possess, but Mr. Traill's letter to me could not have been written by such a man if he were not sure of his facts. Here it is. Read it aloud."

He handed her her father's plain spoken communication. Constance, incapable of deeper depths of amazement than those now probed, looked over her sister's shoulder. Together they deciphered the somewhat difficult handwriting of a man whose chief task for years had been to sign his name.

This drawback was good in its result. They persevered steadily to the end. Then Enid, the comforter, broke down herself.

"It cannot be true, dad!" she cried. "I have been one of your daughters all my life. Why should I be taken from you now?"

"I believe it is quite true," said Brand quietly, and the need there was to console her was beneficial to himself. "Mr. Traill speaks of proofs. You have met him. I exchanged barely a word, a glance, with him, but it is not believable that he would make these solemn statements without the most undeniable testimony."

"Indeed, Enid," murmured Constance, "it sounds like the truth, else he would never have spoken so definitely of my father's first claim on your affections."

Brand stroked the weeping girl's hair.

"One does not cry, little one, when one is suddenly endowed with a wealthy and distinguished relative. Now, I did not spring this revelation on you without a motive. If a cleavage has to come let us at least face every consideration. Providence by inscrutable decree ordained that my wife and I should meet after twenty-one years. That cannot have been a purposeless meeting. In my careless youth, when I assigned all things their scientific place, I have scoffed at presentiments and vague portents of coming evils. I retract the immature judgment then formed. During the height of the hurricane when I feared the very lantern would be hurled into the sea I was vouchsafed a spiritual warning. I could not read its import. These things baffle a man, especially one whose mind leans toward materialism. Nevertheless I knew, though not in ordered comprehension, that my life was tending toward a supreme crisis. As the storm died, so I became normal, and I attributed a glimpse of the unseen to mere physical facts. I was wrong. The coming of that ill-fated vessel was heralded to me. I lacked the key of the hidden message. Now I possess it. On board that ship, Constance, was your mother. How strange that her advent should be bound up also with the mystery of Enid's parentage!"

"Father, dear, if you can bear it, tell me of my mother. She knew me, and that is why she asked me to kiss her."

"She asked you to kiss her?" Enid word was a crescendo of surprise.

"Yes. One night she came to me. Oh, I remember. She wished Mr. Pyne to telegraph to his uncle. When he quitted us to take the message she, too—how weird it all seems now!—admitted that she experienced something of the intuitive knowledge of the future you have just spoken of."

"I am not surprised. Poor Nanette! She was always a dreamer in a sense. Never content, she longed for higher flights. She was a woman in ambition she ceased to be a child. When I married her she was only eighteen. I was ten years older. My thought was to educate her to a somewhat higher ideal of life than the frivolities of a fashionable world. It was a mistake. If a girl harbors delusions before marriage the experience of married life is not a cure, but an incentive. A less tolerant man would have made her a safer husband."

Constance would listen to nothing which would disparage him.

"I hate to be unjust to her even in my thoughts, but where could she have found a better husband than you, dad?"

"Millionaire, indeed!" protested Enid, breaking in with her own tumultuous thoughts. "I would not exchange you for twenty millionaires."

"My methods cannot have been so ill considered if they have brought me two such daughters," he said, with a mournful smile. "But, there! I am only deluding myself into a postponement of a painful duty. My secret must out—to you, at any rate. When I married your mother, Constance, I was an attaché at the British embassy in Paris. Her maiden name was Madeline Nanette de Courmayeur. Her family, notwithstanding the French sound of her name, was almost wholly English. They were Jersey people, recruited from British stock, but two generations of English husbands were compelled to assume the style De Courmayeur owing to entailed estates on the island. There is something quaint in the idea as it worked out. The place was only a small farm. When we were married the stipulation lapsed, because it was more advisable for me to retain my own name. I was then the heir to a title I can now claim. I am legally and lawfully Sir Stephen Brand, ninth baronet of Lesser Lambleton, in Northumberland."

"And you became a lighthouse keeper?"

It was Enid who found breath for the exclamation. Constance braved herself for that which was to come. That Stephen Brand was a well-born

man was not a new thing in their intelligence.

"Yes, a cleaner of lamps and transmitter of ships' signals. Have we been less happy? A most vehement 'No!' was the answer."

"Don't run away with the idea that I was, therefore, endowed with ample means. There are baronets poorer than some crossing sweepers. The estate was encumbered. During my father's life, during my own until five years ago, it yielded only a thousand a year. Even now, after fifteen years of retrenchment—both forget that while I was stationed at Flamborough Head I was absent for a few days to attend my father's funeral—it produces only a little over £3,000. Enough for us, oh, to enjoy life on? Enough to satisfy Lady Margaret's scruples. Enid, as to her son's absurd notion of matrimony? Enough, too, Constance, to mate you to the man of your choice, whatever his position?"

"Dad," murmured Constance, "is there no hope of the old Jays coming back again?"

"Who can tell? These things are not in mortal ken. I need hardly say that my allowance of one-third of the family revenues was barely sufficient to maintain a junior in the diplomatic service. Yet I married, heaven help me, in the pursuance of an ideal, only to find my ideal realized, after much suffering, on lonely rocks and bleak headlands. With strict economy we existed happily until you were born. My wife at first was sufficiently delighted to exchange Jersey society for Paris and the distinguished circle in which we moved there. But you were not many months old until a change came. A Frenchman, a rich top, began to pay her attentions which turned her head. I do not think she meant any harm. People never do. Jean Harrin who accomplished it most fully. I did that which a man who respects himself loathes to do—"

Next day the crash came. She endeavored to mislead me as to an appointment. God knows I only wished to save her, but it was too much to ask me to pass over in silence the schemes of a libertine, though he, too, was fascinated by her beauty. I discovered them in a clandestine meeting, and—my blood was hot and the country was France. We fought next morning, and I killed him."

Constance bent her head and kissed his right hand. Here at least was a lineal descendant of nine generations of border raiders, who held their swords of greater worth than musty laws.

Brand's eyes kindled. His voice became more vehement. The girl's impulsive action seemed to sanctify the deed.

"I did not regret, I have never regretted, the outcome of the duel. He was mortally wounded and was carried to his house to die. I fled from Paris to escape arrest, but the woman in whose defense I encountered him behaved most cruelly. She deserted me and went to him. Ask Mrs. Sheppard. She was your English nurse at the time. Constance. It was she who brought you to England. I never met my wife again. I believe, on my soul, that she was innocent of the greater offense. I think she rebelled against the thought that I had slain one who said he worshipped her. Anyhow, she had her price. She remained with him, in sheer defiance of me, until his death, and her reward was his wealth. Were it not for this we might have come together again and striven to forget the past in mutual toleration. The knowledge that she was enriched with that man's gold maddened me. I could not forget that. I loathed all that money could give—the diamonds, the dresses, the insane devices of society—to pour out treasure on the vanities of the hour. By idle chance I was drawn to the lighthouse service. It was the mere whim of a friend into whose sympathetic ears I gave my sorrows. It is true I did not intend to devote my life to my present occupation. But its vast silences, its isolation, its seclusion from the petty, sordid, money-grabbing life ashore, attracted me. I found quiet joys, peaceful days and dreamless nights in its comparative dangers and privations. Excepting my loyal servant and friend, Mrs. Sheppard, and the agent and solicitors of my estate, none knew of my whereabouts. I was a lost man and, as I imagined, a fortunate one. Now, in the last week of a few days, and it was my intention to tell you something, not all of my history, largely on account of your love-making, Enid—the debacle has come, and with it my wife."

"Father," asked Constance, "is my mother still your wife by law?"

"She cannot be otherwise."

"I wonder if you are right. I am too young to judge these things, but she spoke of her approaching marriage with Mr. Traill in a way that suggested she would not do him a grievous wrong. She does not love him as I understand love. She regards him as a man admirable in many ways, but she impressed me with the idea that she believed she was doing that which was right, though she feared some unforeseen difficulty."

Brand looked at her with troubled eyes. It is always amazing to a parent to find unexpected powers of divination in a child. Constance was still a little girl in his heart. What had conferred this insight into a complex nature like her mother's?

"There is something to be said for that view," he admitted. "I recollect now that Pyne told me she had lived some years in the western states, but he said, too, that her husband, the man whose name she bears, died there. My poor girl, I do, indeed, pity you if all this story of miserable intrigue, this equal romance of the law courts, is to be dragged into the light in a town where you are honored. Enid, you see now how doubly fortunate you are in being restored to a father's arms!"

"Oh, no, no!" wailed Enid. "Do not say that. It seems to cut us apart. What have you done that you should dread the worst that can be said? And why should there be any scandal at all? I cannot bear you to say such things."

"I think I understand you, dad," said Constance, her burning glance striving to read his hidden thought. "Matters cannot rest where they are. You will not allow—my mother—to go away—a

second time—without a clear statement as to the future and an equally honest explanation of the past."

This was precisely the question he dreaded. It had forced its unwelcome presence upon him in the first moment of the meeting with his wife, but he was a man of order, of discipline. The habits of years might not be slung aside so readily. It was absurd, he held, to inflict the self-torture of useless imaginings on the first night of their home coming after the severe trials of their precarious life on the rock.

Above all else it was necessary to reassure Constance, whose strength only concealed the raging fire beneath, and Enid, whose highly strung temperament was on the borderland of hysteria.

He was still the arbiter of their lives, the one to whom they looked for guidance. He rebelled against the prospect of a night of sleepless misery for these two, and it needed his emphatic dominance to direct their thoughts into a more peaceful channel.

So he assumed the settled purpose he was far from feeling and summoned a kindly smile to his aid.

"Surely we have discussed our difficulties sufficiently tonight," he said. "In the morning, Constance, I will meet Mr. Traill. He is a gentleman and a man of the world. I think, too, that his nephew will be resourceful and wise in counsel beyond his years. Now we are all going to obtain some much needed rest. Neither you nor I will yield to sleepless hours of brooding. Neither of you knows that not forty-eight hours ago I made myself a thief in the determination to save your lives and mine. It was a needless burglary. I persuaded myself that it was necessary in the interests of the Trinity Brothers, those grave gentlemen in velvet cloaks, Enid, who would be horrified by the mere suggestion. I refuse to place myself on the moral rack another time. In the old days when I was a boy the drama was wont to be followed by a more lively scene. I forbid further discussion. Come, kiss me, both of you. I think that a stiff glass of hot punch will not do me any harm, nor you, unless you imbibe freely of that champagne I saw nestling in the ice-pail."

They rose obediently. Although they knew he was acting a part on their account, they were sensible that he was adopting a sane course.

Enid tried to contribute to the new note. She bobbed in the approved style of the country domestic.

"Please, Sir Stephen," she said, "would you like some lemon in the toddy?"

Constance placed a little copper kettle on the fire. Their gloom had given way to a not wholly forced cheerfulness—for in that pleasant cottage sorrow was an unwelcome guest—when they were surprised to hear a sharp knock on the outer door.

At another time the incident, though unusual at a late hour, would not have disturbed them. But the emotions of the night were too recent, their subsidence too artificially achieved, that they should not dread the possibilities which lay beyond that imperative summons.

Mrs. Sheppard and the servant had retired to rest, worn out with the anxious uncertainties of events reported from the lighthouse.

So Brand went to the door and the girls listened in nervous foreboding. They heard their father say:

"Hello, Jenkins, what is the matter now?"

Jenkins was a sergeant of police whom they knew.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Brand, but an odd thing has happened. A lady, a

stranger, met me ten minutes ago and asked me to direct her to your house. I did so. She appeared to be in great trouble, so I strolled slowly after her. I was surprised to see her looking in through the window of your sitting room. As far as I could make out she was crying fit to break her heart, and I imagined she meant to knock at the door, but was afraid."

"Where is she? What has become of her?"

Brand stepped out into the moonlight. The girls, white and trembling, followed.

"Well, she ran off down the garden path and tumbled to a dead faint near the gate. I was too late to save her. I picked her up and placed her on a seat. She is there now. I thought it best before carrying her here—to tell you."

Before Brand moved Constance ran out, followed by Enid. In a whirl of pain the lighthouse keeper strode after them. He saw Constance stooping over a motionless figure lying prone on the garden seat. To those strong young arms the slight, graceful form offered an easy task.

Brand heard Enid's whisper: "Oh, Constance, it is she!"

But the daughter, clasping her mother to her breast, said quietly: "Dad, she has come home, and she may be dying. We must take her in."

He made no direct answer. What could he say? The girl's fearless words admitted of neither "Yes" nor "No."

"I think I understand you, dad," said Constance, her burning glance striving to read his hidden thought. "Matters cannot rest where they are. You will not allow—my mother—to go away—a

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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All men must have their "peck of woe;" No single man's above it. But lots of married men we know must take their "hen-peck" of it.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ready to Be Outwitted.
"What is meant by a 'green old age,' Pa?"

"It means, my son, that you are ripe for your chloroform." —Minneapolis Journal.

Unsocial.
How tempers rise and friendships flee Beneath the summer's glow! If misery loves company, Pray why should this be so?

—Washington Star.

In Racing Terms.
"He liked her fairly well, but never dreamed of proposing until he first saw her in evening dress."

"Won by a neck, I suppose." —Judge.

The Fly in the Ointment.
At last we're to be married! With joy my bosom thrills To think that all is settled— That is, except the bills!

—Catholic Standard and Times.

Indiscreet.
"Do you ever contribute to the campaign fund?"

"Indeed, yes. I have a life insurance policy." —Lippincott's Magazine.

Warned Up.
"My dinner's cold!" He swore with vim. And then she made It hot for him.

—Houston Post.

He Didn't Care.
Mrs. Benham—There's a man in the house.

Benham—Well, never mind; I ain't a bit jealous. —Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Expected.
The patriot to ambition clings. Yet prospers if he may. He paves the way to higher things. But seldom waives the pay.

—Boston Transcript.

Speaking and Spoken Of.
"De Ritter tells me he has been spoken of as the coming novelist."

"Yes; he has spoken of it a good deal." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Beating Time.
The noble trotter fairly flies— A night that does one good to see— And Father Time in great surprise Just smiles and says, "Well, that beats me!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Office Boy's Excuse.
"How is it you get back so late from your grandmother's funeral?"

"It was a ten inning game." —Boston Herald.

A Rustic Hero.
He was a simple country boy. He was worthy of great note. He went out romping with two girls. And never rocked the boat.

—New York Press.

Very Many.
Ella—Love goes where it is sent. Stella—Well, there are a lot of misdirected letters. —Brooklyn Life.

Skidder.
Mr. Lipton's building Shamrock IV. To beat our yacht, but we will make him think the yacht he's built is Shamrock VIII.

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

He turned to the policeman.

"I am much obliged to you, Jenkins,"

he said. "We know the lady. Unless—

unless there are serious consequences

will you oblige me by saying nothing

about her? But stay. When you pass

the Mount's Bay hotel please call and

say that Mrs. Vansittart has been

seized with sudden illness and is being

carried for at my house."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, saluting.

As he walked away down the garden

path he wondered who Mrs. Vansittart

could be and why Miss Brand said she

had "come home."

Then he glanced back at the house

into which the others had vanished.

He laughed.

"Just fancy it," he said; "I treated

him as if he was a bloomin' lord. And

I suppose my position is a better one

than his. Anyhow he is a splendid

chap. I'm glad now I did it, for his

sake and the sake of those two girls.

How nicely they were dressed. It has

always been a puzzle to me how they

could afford to live in that style on the

pay of a lighthouse keeper. Well, it's

none of my business."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY MARGARET took her de-

parture from the hotel at an

early hour. Her son went with

her. Their house was situated on

the outskirts of the town, and, al-

though Stanhope would gladly have re-

mained with the two men to discuss

the events of this night of surprises,

he felt that his mother demanded his

present attention.

Indeed, her ladyship had much to

say to him. She, like the others, had

been impressed by Mrs. Vansittart's

appearance, even under the extraordi-

narily difficult circumstances of the oc-

casión. The feminine mind judges its

peers with the utmost precision. Its

analytical methods are pitilessly sim-

ple. It calculates with mathematical

nicety those details of toilet, those

delicate nuances of manner, which dis-

tinguish the woman habituated to re-

finement and good society from the

interloper or mere copyist.

It had always been a matter of mild

wonder in Penzance how Constance

Brand had acquired her French trick

of wearing her clothes. Some women

are not properly dressed after they

have been an hour posing in front of a

full length mirror; others can give

one glance at a costume, twist and pull

it into the one correct position and

walk out perfectly gowned, with a ba-

ppy consciousness that all is well.

Every Parisienne, some Americans,

a few Englishwomen, possess this

gift. Constance had it, and Lady Mar-

garet knew now that it was a lineal

acquisition from her mother. The dis-

covery enhanced the belief, always

prevalent locally, that Brand was a

gentleman born, and her ladyship was

now eager for her son's assistance in

looking up the "Landed Gentry" and

other works of reference which define

and glorify the upper ten thousand of

the United Kingdom. Perhaps that way

light would be vouchsafed.

Being a little narrow minded, the ex-

cellent creature believed that a scandal

among "good" people was not half so

scandalous as an affair in which the

principals were tradesmen "or worse."

She confided something of this to her

son as they drove homeward and was

very wroth with him when he treated

the idea with unbecoming levity.

"My dear boy," she cried vehemently,

"you don't understand the value of

such credentials. You always speak

and act as if you were on board one of

your hectoring warships, where the best

metal and the heaviest guns are all im-

portant. It is not so in society, even

the society of a small Cornish town.

Although I am an earl's daughter, I

cannot afford to be quietly sneered at

by some who would dispute my social

supremacy."

As each complaisant sentence rolled

forth he laughed quietly in the dark-

ness.

"Mother," said he suddenly, "Mr.

Trull and I have had a lot of talk

Brand, much baronet, 'present whereabouts unknown'—went to bed, but not to sleep, whereas Jack Stanhope never afterward remembered undressing, so thoroughly tired was he, and so absurdly happy, notwithstanding the awkward situation divulged at the dinner.

Pyne, left with his uncle, set himself to divert the other man's thoughts from the embarrassing topic of Mrs. Vansittart.

He knew that Brand was not likely to leave them in any dubiety as to the past. Discussion now was useless, a mere idle guessing at probabilities, so he boldly plunged into the mystery as yet surrounding Enid's first year of existence.

Mr. Trull, glad enough to discuss a more congenial subject, marshaled the ascertained facts. It was easy to see that here at least he stood on firm ground.

"Your father, as you know, was a noted yachtsman, Charley," he said. "Indeed, he was one of the first men to cross the Atlantic in his own boat under steam and sail. Twenty years ago in this very month he took my wife and me, with your mother, you and our little Edith, then six months old, on a delightful trip along the Florida coast and the gulf of Mexico. It was then arranged that we should pass the summer among the Norwegian fjords, but the two ladies were nervous about the ocean voyage east in April, so your father brought the Esmeralda across, and we followed by mail steamer. During the last week of May and the whole of June we cruised from Christiania almost to the North cape. The fine, keen air restored my wife's somewhat delicate health, and you and Edith thrived amazingly. Do you remember the voyage?"

"It is a dim memory, helped a good deal, I imagine, by what I have heard since."

"Well, on the fourth of July, putting into Hardanger to celebrate the day with some fellow countrymen, I received a cable which rendered my presence in New York absolutely imperative. There was a big development scheme just being engineered in connection with our property. In fact, the event which had such a tragic sequel practically quadrupled my fortune and mine. By that time the ladies were so enthusiastic about the seagoing qualities of the yacht that they would have sailed round the world in her, and poor Pyne had no difficulty in persuading them to take the leisurely way home, while I raced off via Newcastle and Liverpool to the other side. I received my last cable from them dated Southampton, July 20, and they were due in New York somewhere about Aug. 5 or 6, allowing for ordinary winds and weather."

"During the night of July 21 when midway between the Scilly Isles and the Fastnet they ran into a dense fog. Within five minutes, without the least warning, the Esmeralda was struck amidships by a big Nova Scotian bark. The little vessel sank almost like a stone. Nevertheless your father, backed by his skipper and a splendid crew, lowered two boats, and all hands were saved for the moment. It was Pyne's boat that his boats were always stored with food and water against any kind of emergency; but, of course, they made every effort to reach the ship which had sunk them rather than endeavor to sail back to this coast. As the Esmeralda was under steam at the time, her boilers exploded as she went down, and this undoubtedly caused the second catastrophe. The captain noticed that the strange ship went off close hauled to the wind, which blew steadily from the west, so he, in the leading boat, with your father and mother, you and my wife and child, followed in that direction. He shouted to four men in the second boat to keep close, as the fog was terrific. The bark, the John S., hearing the noise of the bursting boilers, promptly swung around, and in the effort to render assistance caused the second and far more serious catastrophe. The captain's boat encountered her just as the two crafts were getting way on them. Some one in the boat shouted, they heard an answering bark and instantly crashed into the bark's bows. The sail became entangled in the martingale of the bowsprit, the boat was driven under and filled, and the second boat crashed into her. All the occupants of the captain's boat were thrown into the sea. You were grasped by a negro, a powerful swimmer. He, with yourself and two sailors, were rescued, and that was all. Your father was a strong man, and he could swim well. He must have been stunned or injured in some way. The two sailors jumped from the second boat and clung to the bark's bobstays. The whole thing was over in a few seconds."

Mr. Trull rose and paced slowly to the window. Pyne stared into the fire. There was no need for either of them to conjure up the heartrending scene as the sharp prow of the sailing ship cleft through the seas and spurred the despairing hands clutching at her black walls.

Too often had the older man pictured that horrible vision. It had darkened many hours, blurred many a forgetful moment of pleasure with a quick rush of pain.

Even now as he looked out into the still street he fancied he could see Edith's mother smiling at him from a luminous mist.

He passed a hand over his eyes and gazed again at the moonlit roadway. From the black shadows opposite a policeman crossed toward the hotel, and he heard a bell ring. These trivial tidings restored his wandering thoughts. How the discovery of his lost child had brought back a flood of buried memories!

"It is easy to understand that I should be fanciful tonight," he said, returning to the cheery glow of the fire and the brightness of the room. "The whole story of the disaster centered in the narratives of the sailors and the negro. They all declared that both boats went down. The crew of the bark, who ran to starboard, as the leading boat was swamped and sank on that side, imagined they heard cries to port. But, though they lowered a boat and cruised about the locality for hours, they found nothing but wreckage. You, Charley, when I went to St. John's five weeks later, could only tell

me that you had felt very cold and wet. That is all I ever knew of the fate of the Esmeralda until, in God's good time, I met Stanhope on board the Falcon."

"Then the manner of Enid's rescue is conjectured?"

"Absolutely. But Stanhope, who is a sailor, and two men named Spence and Jones, who were Brand's colleagues on the Gulf Coast at that time, have helped me in building up a complete theory. It is quite clear that the second boat did not sink, as was reported by the captain of the John S. She was damaged and had her mast broken by the collision. In the darkness and confusion she would be readily carried past the bark, which was probably traveling four knots an hour. The two sailors in springing from her gunwale into the bobstays would certainly catch her considerable, and at the same instant my poor wife either threw her child into the boat with a last frenzied effort or some one caught the baby from her as she sank. The boat was seen by Brand floating in with the tide on the morning of the 30th of July. She had been nine days at sea. Some survivor must have given the little one nourishment in that time, as a twelve-months-old child could not possibly have lived. In all likelihood the bank of fog clung to the surface of the sea and followed the tides, as there was little or no wind on the days following the loss of the yacht."

"Again, there were provisions in the boat, but no water. Why? Either the water casks had started their staves when the smash took place or a careless steward had failed to fill them. The next thing is the identity of the boat. By the stupidity of a sailor one of the Esmeralda's lifeboats was burned to the water's edge in Norway. He upset a tin of petroleum while he was opening it, and a lighted match did the remainder. Indeed, he and another man at the oars narrowly escaped death. A boat was purchased, but accident or mischance prevented the Esmeralda's name being painted on it. There was a Norwegian port number on the stern board, and this was smashed away by the falling mast. As the sail was trailing in the water when the boat was found by Brand it is assumed that the survivor or survivors, who paid some heed to the child, suffered from injuries which prevented him or them from hauling it in. One man's body was found on board, and he had been dead many days. Finally we have the evidence of the child's clothing."

"The girls told me something of the story on the rock," said Pyne. "Gee whiz, I little dreamed that Enid—or Edith, I mean—was my first cousin!"

"You know that her garments were marked E. T. and that a little shawl was pinned about her with a gold brooch set with emeralds arranged as a four leaved shamrock?"

"No, I fancy that they were hindered in their yarn. Believe me, there was always enough to do in that wonderful place. Besides, I knew about the brooch. And they mentioned it, I guess the gray matter at the back of my head would not have become agitated by thought."

"Yes, of course. I am talking to you as if you were hearing this sad history for the first time."

"It is new enough. It has a fresh point of view, which is everything. Now, about that brooch?"

"I bought it in Bergen. I remember your poor father laughing about it. It was odd to find an Irish emblem in that out of the way little town. I have not seen it yet, but it is ludicrous to think that so many coincidences can affect two different children cast adrift about the same time in open boats at the junction of the St. George's channel and the north Atlantic."

"It's the kind of thing that doesn't occur with monotonous regularity," agreed Pyne. "By the way, I have just made an interesting discovery on my own account."

"What is it?"

"It might easily have happened that not Enid—sorry—I mean Edith—but I should have been the youngest cast adrift in that boat."

"Yes, that is so, of course."

"And I would have grown up as Constance's brother. Guess things have panned out all right as it is."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Ancient English Workhouse.

In the records of St. Thomas hospital, London, is an entry of the year 1576 to the effect that "in consideration of the bote tyne of the yere" the poor be allowed "every one a day three pynnts of Bere for two monthes," a quart at dinner and a pint at supper, and at the end of two months return to "there olde ordinary allowance, wyche is one quart." The food at this ancient workhouse was to be dealt with as liberally as the drink. The almoner and steward were to "bye no bytte but of the best, without bones and in speciall without the marybon, and none other to be bought."

Professional Dignity.

"What wages do you expect?" asked Mrs. Randolph of Aunt Phronce, who had come to live as cook.

"Well, Ah tell you. Ef Ah cooks an' waits on de table, too, Ah 'spects \$2 ebbery week Ah lives, b-ut ef yo' all has family reach at de table an' Ah jes' hab ter cook, den Ah charges er dollar an' fo' bits." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

This Is Different.

"Love makes the world go round." The world seems to go round, but love makes your head swim. That's the explanation.

How to Be Beautiful.

"What do you do to keep so beautiful?" they asked the butterfly.

"I? I do nothing," she replied.

A deep, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. —Carlyle.

Brain Workers.

Brain workers are proved to be long lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women were taken as a basis, and their duration of life gives an average of about sixty-eight and a half years.



Carbolic acid in drinking water at the rate of four drops to the pint is recommended as a disease preventive for poultry.

Beginning with the 1st of August the rural mail patron is allowed to construct his own mail box, provided it has the approval of the local postmaster.

Any parent who allows his child to play around the mower or any other machinery may just as well make up his mind to be ready in case of accident. It doesn't pay to run any risks, as the chances of getting hurt are too sure.

The haste which causes the good housewife to neglect to put out the gasolene burner when filling the tank is criminal as well as shortsighted, the time which is thus saved being frequently offset by death by burning, funeral expenses and a bereaved and grief stricken family.

Bad air or unpleasant odors about the house or yard are usually not without a cause. If not poor drainage or a neglected cistern they may be accounted for by a vase of faded flowers, decaying vegetables, damp, sour scrubbing cloths or an old garbage can. Purify the air by removing the cause.

David Rankin of Tarkio, Mo., is one of the king bee farmers of the United States, possessing 23,000 acres which are under a high state of cultivation. Of this area 10,000 acres are in corn, the remainder being devoted to the raising of hay and small grain. He fattens and markets 9,000 cattle annually and as many hogs.

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Established by Franklin in 1755.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010**Saturday, September 22, 1906.**

The peace prospects in Cuba are not good. There is probably but one way to give that island lasting peace and that is to annex it to the United States.

The Common Council of Fond du Lac, Wis., has passed a resolution that pictures of habitual inebriates shall be posted in the saloons. Bartenders will thus recognize their too oft patrons and are expected to turn them down when they approach. This ought to make a thriving business for the photographers for the next few months.

The Democrats of Massachusetts have got Moran to contend with and the Democrats of New York are having the nightmare over Hearst. Probably the rank and file of the party in these States would give good money to see both of these gentlemen removed "far beyond the northern sea."

"Mighty as are steam and electricity in the domain of industry," says Mr. Edison, "they are but shadows of the mightier power of concentrated thought as expressed in type and spread before the world." Everybody knows that Mr. Edison refers to newspapers of the best sort, for that is the style of the man.

The late Lewis and Clark exposition, held in Oregon last year, was financially a notable exception in the exposition line. Those who contributed to the stock not only got their money back, but received a dividend of 231 per cent. on the 1st value of their stock. The cost of the exposition was \$500,000 and the receipts were \$1,521,783. The managers did not make the mistake of making it too big for its intended purpose.

It is now understood that neither Mayor Higgins nor ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Pawtucket will consent to be Democratic nominee for Governor this fall. In that event there will be no other alternative for the party than to run ex-Governor Garvin. He is always willing. Besides he desires to get into the Legislature, and there seems no other way for him to try for it as none of the delegation in his own town will agree to retire in his favor.

Amid all the excitement over New York politics and the numerous advisers that are rising up to tell the Democratic Party what to do, two eminent citizens of that State and former leaders of the Tammany brave are strangely silent. Not even a whisper has been wafted on the zephyrs that assail us from that State from Grover Cleveland and David Bennett Hill. Subsequent proceedings evidently interest them no more.

Something of the magnitude of the proposed new passenger station of the Pennsylvania railroad company in New York is suggested by the sum that is to be spent upon it—\$25,000,000. The waiting room, it is interesting to note, will be as high as the dome of St. Peter's in Rome; but there is something quite hoggy in the fact that the trains will enter through tunnels forty feet beneath the surface! Newport will be satisfied with a station costing just a few millions less.

During the seven years that have just passed there is no duty, domestic or foreign, which we have shirked; no necessary task which we have feared to undertake, or which we have not performed with reasonable efficiency. We have never pleaded impotence. We have never sought refuge in criticism and complaint instead of action. We face the future with our past and our present as guarantors of our promises; and we are content to stand or to fall by the record which we have made and are making.—President Roosevelt.

The State Ticket.

The Republican Conventions to be held October 11th will be harmonious gatherings. The course of events seems to have marked out the work to be done before hand. The opposition party might call it machine work, but when the consensus of opinion of the whole State unites, as it does now, on one set of men for the positions, no machine nor anti machine can prevent the conventions from registering the will of the people and putting these men in nomination. It is conceded on all hands that the present State ticket is the strongest and best that can be nominated. Governor Ulster, ex-Governor Jackson, Secretary of State Bennett, Attorney-General Greenough, and General Treasurer Read have all served the State successfully, intelligently and well and it would take a brave man to undertake to displace them. In the favor of the people. They are as good as nominated now, and elected for that matter.

As to candidates for Congress no one would care to attempt the defeat of the Hon. Adin B. Capron in the second district. The people in that section of the State know his worth and will rally to his support. Of his nomination and election there can be no doubt. In the first district the hand of fate has pointed to Mayor and Ex-Governor Dyer as the man of destiny who will redeem this district from Democratic control. His nomination is sure on Oct. 11, and there is not much doubt of his election on Nov. 6.

A Blessing to the Business.

A few months ago there was a widespread impression that our export trade in packing-house products had suffered an irreparable loss as the result of the beef scandal revelations. But events move quickly, so that the ominous cloud of yesterday becomes the silver-lined one of the morrow; or, in other words, while the swing from pessimism to optimism covers much ground, it performs the act rapidly. It will be remembered that the shock incident to the revelations in the west had hardly given away overseas investigations proved that conditions abroad were even worse than at the few points in the United States regarding which complaint had been made.

Of course these developments about foreign beef-packing methods have not exactly helped our export trade as yet, but it is noteworthy that sentiment among packers has become more realistic within the past fortnight. Indeed, last week one leading interest expressed the belief that the new government meat-inspection law would not only result in bringing back all the trade that has been lost, but more, too, and this week J. Ogden Armour is quoted as saying that the lost packing business is being regained, as the new law is having a beneficial effect on foreign trade. So it would seem that the stamp of the United States government placed on meat products after a rigid inspection carries confidence sufficient to offset what was expected to be a lasting suspicion of all American meat products.

The figures as given out by the Chicago packers show an increase in the home trade over any previous year. Shipments of packing-house products from Chicago during July amounted to 263,252,630 pounds, in contrast with 192,490,724 in July, 1905, and 136,690,716 in 1904. During the first seven months of the present year similar shipments aggregated 1,675,439,292 pounds, nearly 300,000,000 in excess of the corresponding movement in 1905 and over 250,000,000 greater than in 1904. The three largest items were 670,941,665 pounds of dressed beef, 510,712,103 pounds of cured meats and 248,929,252 pounds of lard.

The Coming Man.

Secretary Root has been winning great laurels for himself and his country in his travels through South America. Wherever he went he was received cordially; and the distinction of his manners and the charm of his conversation made a deep impression upon the South Americans, a people peculiarly devoted to that propriety and dignity of behavior of which not all the American diplomatic and consular representatives in those countries have been conspicuous exemplars; and tact no less than intellectual power has been shown in all his speeches.

It was Mr. Root's object to remove old prejudices, to convince the South Americans of the sincere good will of his countrymen, and to pave the way for continuous friendly relations.

Secretary Root has performed, admirably and even beyond the highest expectations, his delicate task. He has certainly quickened in South America the sense of the solidarity of all the American republics; and South American feeling is more kindly toward the United States than it was when he set out.

This is an achievement which might not unjustly have been described as impossible; at least, as most improbable.

We believe that next to President Roosevelt his is the master mind in the President's family and he is by all odds the best equipped man to be President. Roosevelt's successor.

A Fair Exchange.

Pacific Ocean crabs as big as good sized turtles are to be planted on the Massachusetts coast, and in return the Massachusetts coast will give up a brood of its finest lobsters to be put in Puget Sound. Arrangements have just been made by the United States Fish Commission for these experiments, whereby it is expected the East will eventually have on the Atlantic coast a supply of the mastodon Pacific crabs, and the Pacific Coast will raise its own lobsters without sending to the East for them.

The lobsters destined for this trip across the continent will be taken from Wood's Hole. They will be carefully packed in seaweed and their comfort and wants will be attended to by Prof. Gorham of Brown University, an expert on lobsters. When Prof. Gorham has safely started his charges on their work of multiplying in Pacific waters he will gather up a brood of the Pacific crabs and bring them east to perform a like mission on the New England coast.

Some years ago lobsters from the East were taken to San Francisco and planted in the Pacific. The people who had charge of the experiment were not aware that the lobster is a crawling critter and does not swim. Those particular lobsters were put in ninety feet of water, and they went to the bottom. They have not been seen or heard of since. The lobsters about to be shipped will be placed in shallow water in Puget Sound and the officials of the Fish Commission expect to see them thrive and propagate as they do in the East.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen: A Presidential Room. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to William Jennings Bryan, late residence, the World, present residence uncertain and liable to change without notice.

Automobile Damage.

The excessive degree of wear and tear upon the roads of fast speeding automobiles is generally acknowledged. If the clouds of dust scattered as they whiz by in dry weather and the quantities of mud thrown up in wet weather are not proof enough, the State highway commission or any group of town highway surveyors can point to roads worn out before their time and to figures of unusual cost for repairs that have come about through the popularity of certain routes with automobilists. A certain stretch between Newport and Narragansett Pier in the towns of North Kingstown and Narragansett that is chiefly used by people with high-power machines is said to be in a worse condition than if a plow had been run over it.

The Metropolitan park commissioners of Boston, whose parkways in the suburbs are popular for automobilists, report that the automobiles are stripping the surface of the roadways to an unprecedented degree; and the state highway commissioners of Massachusetts are moved to appeal to the legislature to make it incumbent upon the owners of motor vehicles to reimburse the state treasury for the increased expense of keeping the 670 miles of road that cost the state nearly five and a half millions of dollars to build, and for whose maintenance the state is partly responsible, in repair.

The proposition to tax the owners of automobiles enough to make good the damage that the machines cause would seem to be an act of justice but there will be grave difficulties in appropriating this sum. The damage is done to state roads, to city roads, and to town roads, so the important question is where shall the money received by this kind of a tax go.

We doubt if this tax proposition is practicable. The suffering portion of the public that does not own an automobile will have to continue to suffer or else buy an automobile and go in for causing its share of the damage.

Political Equality.

The Republican campaign text book makes the statement concerning the Negro in politics that "the mere mention of the facts well known to every observer of the times will suffice to indicate the relative attitude of the two great political parties toward the colored citizen, 'The Republican party.' It goes on to say, 'believe in the political equality of all men without reference to race or nationality, while the Democratic party believes in restraining the privileges of citizenship to a particular class, and has written her opinions into the statutes, constitutions and practices of nearly every southern State where that party is dominant.'"

This shows the case exactly as it exists today. The party of equality is the Republican party. That party believes in and practices the doctrine laid down in the Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal." The Democratic party excepts the colored man from its Declaration and would have it read: "All white men are created equal" and the colored man if he votes the Democratic ticket.

Sir James Crichton Brown, a leading authority on mental diseases, in England, says: Rapid locomotion was a craze, involving blindness to natural beauty. Fast motoring at its worst tended to homicidal mania. A confirmed motorist must become sluggish in intellect and excitable in temper. He declared that the newspaper was one of the bulwarks of sanity, and that it acted upon nervous life like a current of electricity and dissipated megalomania.

The Republican State Convention will probably be held on October 11th and it is expected that Senator Beveridge of Indiana will be the principal speaker. The Democrats will hold their convention October 3d. After these conventions are held the campaign will begin in earnest.

Boat Ridden.

The Democratic party is used to the boss who buys with patronage. Side by side with him now is the boss who buys with cash.

The new boss is but the inevitable development and consequence of the old. Under either or both, what part has the honest, ordinary Democrat? What is the use of a party that responds to no popular desire, that serves no public purpose, that no matter what fine swelling words it may mouth in its platform, lives but to obey the pecuniary or the personal ambition of a boss? Why cumber it the ground?

\$5 New York Excursion

Oct. 1th from Boston, Oct. 3rd from other Stations.
On the above dates the Boston & Maine Railroad will run its annual excursion to New York City, going via the Housatonic and Deerfield Valley to Albany in train, then by steamer down the Hudson River to New York City. Returning, Fall River Line at the above low rate of \$5 for the entire trip. A beautifully illustrated booklet giving a complete itinerary, and which will serve as a guide and souvenir of the trip, will be mailed free to any address by the General Passenger Dept., Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston.

"Would you like to see my aquaria?" asked the naturalist.

"Well, if he's securely chained I might, but I'm so afraid of wild beasts," replied the visitor.

"When I saw him last night he was painting up the town with all his heart and soul."

"Well, when I saw him this morning he seemed to be all head."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Washington Matters.

Efforts to Secure United States Interference in Cuba—Trouble in the Government Printing Office—Criticism of Meat Label Decision of Agricultural Department—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 20, 1906.

Every effort is being made by those interested in securing American intervention in Cuba to force this Government to take a high hand and put down the present insurrection in virtue of the police right that is given it under the Platt amendment. It is tolerably safe to say that nothing of this sort will occur. The President is handling the situation from Oyster Bay, and he has had in conference with him Secretary Bonaparte, of the Navy Department, Taft of the War Department and Acting Secretary Bacon, of the State Department. He has issued orders for both Taft and Bacon to go to Havana where they will learn the real facts in connection with the uprising and be able to report directly to the President on the necessity or otherwise for intervention. The strongest factor in the whole situation is a letter that the President has written to the Cuban Minister Mr. Quesada deploring the state of civil war into which Cuba has fallen and warning the Cuban people solemnly that as a last resort it will be the duty of this government to intervene and restore peace in the island at any cost.

The Navy Department now has four warships available in Cuban waters, a force ample to protect all American interests, and if necessary to put down the insurrection as well. It is not thought, however, that any such eventuality will arise. One of the most disconcerting features of the situation is that President Palma, indicted by his wife, whose father was the murdered President of Honduras, is talking of resigning, and may do so at any moment. If he should take this step Vice President Capote would succeed him, and as he is equally unpopular with the revolutionary element, this would help matters very little.

There has been some talk that either the insurgents or some other evilly disposed person might dynamite the cruiser Denver, now at Havana harbor, and force this Government to drastic action. This is rather a wild supposition but precautions have been taken against any such contingency. Such a happening could only be of advantage to the friends of annexation who are anxious to see this government take over the island of Cuba. As the annexation sentiment is the most violent among American capitalists who have interests in the island, it is hardly to be supposed that any such event could happen. One thing at least is certain and that is that no such fatality could occur through the instrumentality of the present government in Cuba because the harbor is not mined as it was during the Spanish occupation. The insurgents on the other hand have not the equipment for any such villainous exploit and the chances are very largely against anything happening to the Denver and forcing the hand of the administration in this way.

There is trouble and a good deal of it in the Government Printing Office. There has been friction and dissatisfaction ever since the removal of Public Printer Palmer and the appointment of Mr. Chas. Stille, an outsider of Boston, as his successor. Discharges and suspensions have followed each other in rapid succession until the whole force of the great government print shop is on edge wondering where the lightning will strike next. Mr. Stille has been the head of a large commercial printing establishment, and it is generally understood that he is thoroughly experienced in his trade. The Government Printing Office is the largest and best equipped establishment of its sort in the world, but there has been nothing but trouble ever since the new Public Printer has been in charge. Exactly what the difficulty is, it would be hard to say. The explanation of the Printing Office employees is that, "He's all right, but he won't do." It is perhaps the first time since the days of Andrew Jackson, that the printing office has been run on economical business-like lines. The joint committee of Congress on printing has investigated the situation during the recess without arriving at any definite conclusion. The Office has long been an asylum for political printers looking for soft places and easy work with big and sure pay, and now when they have grown old in office resent as an intruder a young man full of energy, who insists on them doing something. The United States Patent Office sorely needs a man like Public Printer Stille.

Considerable criticism has been caused by the action of the Department of Agriculture in its latest ruling as to meat labels. The new meat inspection law will go into effect on October 1st, and in virtue of this law, all meat products will have to bear a government inspector's stamp and be labeled for exactly what they are, so that there will be no question of deceiving the purchaser and consumer. There has been a number of conferences between the Secretary of Agriculture and the meat packers as to the forms of the new labels that will have to be used. Anything that is deceptive, such as "potted chicken," made out of veal; or "picnic ham," made out of beef, has been absolutely barred; but the packers stormed the Agriculture Department this week on the subject of "canned roast beef."

It will be recollected that "canned roast beef" was at the bottom of all the Army contract scandals after the Spanish-American war. The so-called "roast beef" was not roasted at all, but was a steam compound made out of the very lowest grade of cattle and was a ration which even the hungry soldiers in Cuba were forced to throw away. However, the packers claim that "canned roast beef" is a feature of every Army ration in the civilized world, that it constitutes a valuable trademark, in virtue of which alone they are enabled to compete with Australian and Argentine for domestic and foreign army contracts. So the Agriculture Department has allowed them to retain the label "roast beef" knowing perfectly well that there is no such thing among packing-house compounds, and the law is gotten around by allowing the packers to print in fine type on the label the fact that the beef is steamed and not roasted at all. There has been considerable criticism of the Secretary of Agriculture for making this concession and the chances are that when Congress meets the matter will be formally investigated.

"Hello! I want to see Mr. Smith at the telephone."

"Mr. Smith says if you want to see him at the telephone you will have to come to his office. He hasn't time to go to yours."—Baltimore American.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1906 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 22, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 19 to 23, warm wave 18 to 22, cool wave 21 to 25. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 23, cross west of Rockies country by close of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern states 28. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Sept. 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Sept. 26, great central valleys 25, eastern states 30.

Last part of September will be colder than I sometime ago announced and some severe frosts may be expected farther south than usual, probably touching the northern edges of the cotton belt. Warm wave of this disturbance will not reach high temperatures while, in the northern states, the cool wave following it will bring cold weather.

Last disturbance of September will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 28, cross west of Rockies by close of 29, great central valleys 30 to Oct. 2, eastern states 3. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Sept. 28, great central valleys 30, eastern states Oct. 2. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Oct. 1, great central valleys 3, eastern states 5.

This disturbance will cause a great rise in temperatures with some increase in the force of storms, not much rain and otherwise about normal weather for the season.

Force or intensity of weather features will be greater than usual immediately following Sept. 22 and temperatures will average below the normal. Coldest part of the month will reach meridian 90 not far from Sept. 27, a little earlier west of that line; a little later east of it.

Little Compton.

Miss Gallagher of Maine, who was engaged for the Seacoast district, taught only from last Monday morning till noon. She became so homesick that she closed her school and threw up the situation, departing at once for home. Miss McIntyre of Milton succeeds her.

Miss Helen E. Dyson, teacher at the Commons, has been obliged to give up her school for the present, owing to the continued illness of her father, Rev. R. D. Dyson.

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Hemorrhoids, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$200 up to \$2,000. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from \$400 to \$700. Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (except April 1st) October every year.

Mr. A. S. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day. Newport office, 132 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., Benjamin B. H. Sherman, aged 54 years.
In this city, 17th inst., Anne C. Goffe, aged 67 years.
In this city, 18th inst., at her residence, 287 Spring street, Kate Ann Hughes, wife of Edward F. Hughes.
In this city, 18th inst., Louise Bond, wife of Alfred W. Chase.
At Los Angeles, Cal., 18th inst., Elizabeth Vernon, wife of the late Ed. Whitney Blake and daughter of the late Samuel Brown Vernon of this city.
In Little Compton 18th inst., Alexander Tisher, in his 82d year.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER 1906.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	HIGH WATER
	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th
22nd	5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95 100	6 11 16 21 26 31 36 41 46 51 56 61 66 71 76 81 86 91 96 101	7 12 17 22 27 32 37 42 47 52 57 62 67 72 77 82 87 92 97 102	8 13 18 23 28 33 38 43 48 53 58 63 68 73 78 83 88 93 98 103	9 14 19 24 29 34 39 44 49 54 59 64 69 74 79 84 89 94 99 104	10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95 100	11 16 21 26 31 36 41 46 51 56 61 66 71 76 81 86 91 96 101	12 17 22 27 32 37 42 47 52 57 62 67 72 77 82 87 92 97 102

Full Moon, 22nd day, 8h. 35m., evening.
Last quarter, 20th day, 11h. 38m., evening.
New Moon, 18th day, 7h. 33m., morning.
First Quarter, 25th day, 11h. 11m., morning.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

1 Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BE SIGNATURE OF DR. J. C. CARTER.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"Are you now completely happy in your religious experience?" the workers asked the new convert.

"Yes, only I wish I'd kicked that pigheaded Bill Mugger for I got this brotherly feedin' so strong."—Toledo Blade.

"I suppose," said the timid young man, "when you recall what a handsome man your first husband was you wouldn't consider me for a minute?"

"Oh, yes, I would," replied the widow hastily, "but I wouldn't consider you for a second."

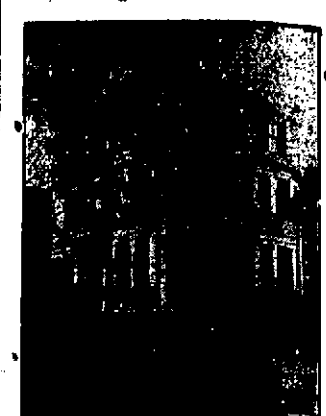
TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. They refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box, 25c.

CLEVELAND HOUSE.

27 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for permanent or transient guests, having all modern improvements and conveniences. New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water. Electricity and gas in each room. Modern plumbing. Hardwood finish, enameled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.

\$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

Cornelius Moriarty,
27 CLARKE STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING WAGON, WASHINGTON SQUARE, BEACON ROCK, THE BEACH, HARBOR FRONT, THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Underly, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Lunders & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square, New Stand, J. T. Allen & Co., and by the publishers.

MERCURY

PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairs of all kinds. Gentile's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 830 a. m.—830 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent.

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES

EASTER

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES

EASTER

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES

EASTER

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES

BARNUM'S OLD PLACE

THE HISTORIC MUSEUM THAT STOOD IN LOWER NEW YORK.

Facts About the Famous Curio Hall That Brought a Fortune to the Energetic Showman—Forty Thousand Persons Saw It Consumed by Fire.

"We will ascend to the top of St. Paul's skyscraper and take New York city in at a glance," said my friend as we passed the corner of Broadway and Ann street. Entering the doorway and taking the elevator it took but a few moments to find ourselves at the top where from the windows we not only "took in" the entire city, with its brick walls and smoking chimneys, but as far as the eye could reach we saw water and green fields. As we descended we could not help thinking that on this spot for many years stood Barnum's museum, once the dream of all children and a place of universal interest to every one.

Among the many sights and curiosities seen in the museum some are familiar to this day, as Niagara Falls, with real water, trees, rocks, etc.; Joke Heth, the aged colored woman, 161 years old, who had once been nurse to General Washington; the woolly horse, said to have been captured by the Fremont exploring party in the Rocky mountains; the Indian wedding dance; the club that killed Captain Cook; Tom Thumb, the dwarf who drove around the city in a stylish little coach and who married Miss Lavina Warren, the wedding taking place before a vast assemblage at Grace church while multitudes lined the sidewalks outside; the living whale that was kept in a tank of salt water pumped in from the bay; the hippopotamus, the tropical fish, Commodore Nutt, known as the \$30,000 Nutt; the two dromedaries; the lightning calculator who could add a square of figures at a glance, and who became a Methodist minister; the fat boy; Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess; the tallest man in the world; the fat woman; Pashabarend, "the what is it" no one knowing whether it was a man or a monkey; the boa constrictor, seen inside a large glass case; the cherry colored cat; the happy family, a collection of cats, rats, adders, rabbits, parrots, birds, etc., all in one cage; also two vast alligators, the living skeleton, the baby mite that weighed only three pounds, the fish with legs, the Fiji mermaid, the giraffe, the rhinoceros, with the tropical birds, parrots, cockatoos, mocking birds, humming birds, vultures and eagle, and the well remembered dog and baby shows.

Then there were the wax figures of pirates and murderers. Franklin Pierce, Patrick Henry, General Washington, James Buchanan, General Marion, General Lafayette, James Madison, Governor Morris, Prince Imperial of France, Mme. Roland, Moll Pitcher, Nathan Hale, Poor Richard, Daniel Lambert, the Veiled Murderer, etc.

In many of the plays thrilling scenes were produced, as in "The Storm at Sea," where a vessel was struck by lightning and the crew rescued by being drawn by a rope up a rocky summit and the army ascending through the narrow defiles of the Swiss Alps.

The museum was burned on the afternoon of July 13, 1865. The fire, it was thought, originated in the engine room, it being necessary to keep up steam to pump fresh air into the water of the aquaria and to propel the fans that kept the heated halls cool.

The flames began in the manager's office and extended to all parts of the building. The manager showed great presence of mind by depositing several thousands of dollars in a safe before he escaped from the building. Fully 40,000 persons witnessed the fire, who saw the tall woman lowered by means of ropes to the sidewalk and heard the shrieks of animals in the menagerie and the growls of the Bengal tiger.

The lion and his mate, who had escaped from their cage, were seen walking along the floor and an encounter beneath the roof between the eagle and a serpent, when the victorious eagle bore off his enemy in his talons amid loud cheers. The polar bear, escaping from the building, walked through the streets to the custom house, where, ascending to the balcony, he fell and broke his neck. Other animals, jumping from the windows, caused the crowd to stampede. When some lost their hats, others had their coats torn, and many became awfully disfigured by falling in the mud. The remains of the two whales, the kangaroo and crocodile were found in the ruins. The loss of no other building in the city could have caused so much excitement and regret as Barnum's museum.—Brooklyn Citizen.

When Men Were Bustles.

"Bustles were ridiculous," said an antiquary. "Do you remember the bustle of 1855? It shot straight out from the waist, a broad seat on which, honestly, an adult could have sat. Yes, bustles were ridiculous, but no more ridiculous than the tournures of Francis II. The tournures were worn by men. They were bustles—front instead of rear ones. Yes, in the time of Francis II. portliness was considered stylish, and men tied on tournures, or false stomachs, in order to achieve an air of dignity."

Torture in Africa.

Among African tribes it is customary to torture prisoners of war. One of the lags of a prisoner is pushed through a hole in a heavy log and a spike driven through to hold it in place.

Mixed Metaphor.

The bar furnishes some happy examples of mixed metaphor, such as the aquatic opening: "These gentlemen have fished about until they have found a mare's nest, and on that they hang their bill." The latest addition to this class of mixed utterances comes from a detective agency which states that its officers "thought they had a good clew, but it exploded."

The Butcher Bird.

The shriek or butcher bird hanks out a bait for his prey. After killing a large insect or small bird he inhales its remains on a thorn or twig and waits for other insects or birds to be attracted.

KILLED THE LAUGH.

The Story of the Prayer in Rossini's "Moss in Egitto."

The sublime prayer of the Hebrews, when preparing to cross the Red sea, is, perhaps, one of the most solemn and majestically grand compositions that can be found in the choral repertory, yet, at the same time, simple to a degree. This was an afterthought of the composer and was not introduced until the second season of the production of "Moss in Egitto" at Naples.

The opera then, as now, terminated with the passage of the Red sea by the Israelites; but, although the audience were entranced with the music, they invariably saluted the passage of the Red sea with peals of laughter, owing to want of skill of the machinist and scene painter, who contrived to render this portion of the affair superbly ridiculous and brought down the curtain amid uproarious mirth.

Rossini exhibited his usual indifference, but poor Tottola, the poet, was driven nearly crazy by this unwelcome termination of his literary labors and intensely chagrined at the idea of so sacred a subject exciting laughter. This lasted throughout the first season; the next it was reproduced with similar brilliant success (on the first night), for the music, and similar laughter at the end of the opera. The next day, while Rossini was indulging in his usual habit of lying in bed and gossiping with a room full of friends, in rushed Tottola, in a most excited state, crying out:

"Eviva, I have saved the third act!"

"How?" asked Rossini lazily.

"Why," replied Tottola, "I have written a prayer for the Hebrews before crossing the dreadful Red sea, and I did it all in one hour."

"Well," said Rossini, "if it has taken you an hour to write this prayer I will engage to make the music for it in a quarter of the time. Here, give me pen and ink," saying which he jumped out of bed, and in ten minutes he had composed the music without the aid of a piano and while his friends were laughing and talking around him. Thus, owing to the blundering ignorance of a stage carpenter and scene painter, the world is indebted for the most sublime preghiera ever penned.

Night came. The audience prepared to laugh as usual when the Red sea scene came, but when the new prayer commenced deathly silence prevailed, every note was listened to with rapt attention, and on its conclusion the entire audience rose en masse and cheered for several minutes, nor did they ever again laugh at the passage of the Red sea.

HOW MUCH PEOPLE EAT.

In finding a unit for the food consuming power of each family it was assumed as generally true that—

Husbands consume a like amount of food.

The wife consumes 90 per cent as much as the husband.

A child from eleven to fourteen years of age consumes 90 per cent as much food as the husband.

A child from seven to ten years of age consumes 75 per cent as much food as the husband.

A child from four to six years of age consumes 40 per cent as much food as the husband.

A child of three years or under consumes 15 per cent as much food as the husband.

Children of fifteen years of age and over are considered as adults so far as the consumption of food is concerned.—Boston Transcript.

Monkeys and Colors.

In order to prove its power of discriminating between colors the scientist Dahl made some interesting tests upon a monkey. He colored some sweets with a certain colored dye and some bitter substances with that of another color. After a few attempts the monkey learned to leave without even tasting those articles of food colored with the dye which indicated bitter tasting substances and seized at once upon those which indicated sweets. Varying the experiments sufficiently he found that the monkey distinguished all the different colors readily, save only dark blue. Many savage tribes cannot distinguish dark blue from black and even children distinguish this color later than all others.

Robespierre.

Robespierre of the French revolution, the man who was destined to deluge France with blood, was not long before his frightful career of power began one of the most strenuous opponents of capital punishment.

While he was still an obscure advocate at his native Arras he threw up an appointment because of his opposition to this form of penalty. And just when his star was in the ascendancy he boldly bargained the national assembly to prove "that the punishment of death is essentially unjust, that it has no tendency to repress crimes and that it multiplies offenses much more than it diminishes them."

Why He Was Cool.

Average Man—There's a run on another bank. Just look at those depositors crowding in. The fools! That's what makes money tight. The whole crowd should be carried off to a lunatic asylum. Friend—You are allowing your deposit to remain, I presume? Average Man—Um—er—I haven't any funds in that bank.

Subtle.

"What did you get out of that will case?" asked the first lawyer. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the second lawyer. "Good round sum, eh?" "Yes; but I thought the old man left more than that."

"Carvins was that operation you performed on my patient successful?" "Successful? As successful as I could be." "Regularly? Then he's recovering, is he?"—Chicago Tribune.

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN.

An Event That Moved Him to Take a Trip to Europe.

He was one of those men who believe that if they let up for a moment the whole world will go to smash. Especially was this so about his own business. When his wife wanted him to go to Europe for a rest he said:

"Impossible to get away from the office. Why, if I were to stay away six weeks there's no telling what would happen. No, I must be there all the time."

So they didn't go to Europe. Instead he got sick, good and sick, too, the kind of sick that kept him on his back for nearly a month and didn't let him get back to his desk for still another week.

The day came for his return to business, and he plunged for the office. All the way downtown his mind danced with the visions of the wreck of business that would greet him. He expected to find the staff demoralized, the business gone to pieces, the colic webs thick on the order books and an air of gloom hanging over all which could be dispelled only by his triumphant entrance. He fancied himself picking the business out of the mire and putting it on its feet again.

But did he? Not quite.

He entered the office. The boy was there and looked up at him as though wondering if the boss were not a little bit late. The cat rubbed against him as she always did. His desk was opened as usual, and on it was no pile of mail, the accumulation of all these weeks. The clerks were at their places as usual. In fact, nothing was apparent of the awful disaster that he had expected; hardly any one seemed to know that he had been away.

He stopped for a moment, breathless, and then managed to call one of his men to him and ask about something. The man began to tell him what had been going on. They had been transacting business just as though he had been there—answering mail, filling orders, taking reports from traveling men and sending them out again—in short, the little particular world of his business had gone on just as though he had been there all the time.

He heaved a sigh—a sigh of humility. In fifteen minutes he had telephoned his wife to make plans for a European trip, and that he would accompany her. Thus do matters make us see how small we are.—New York World.

THE WINDOW CURTAIN.

Originally It Was For Use and Not For Ornament.

The real purpose of the window curtain is to regulate the amount of light admitted to the room and a curtain so arranged that it cannot be drawn backward and forward at will is but a meaningless accessory. It was not until the beginning of the century that curtains were used without regard to their practical purpose.

The window hangings of the middle ages and of the renaissance simply were straight pieces of cloth or tapestry hung across the window without any attempt at drapery and regarded not as part of the decorating of the room, but as a necessary protection against drafts.

It probably is for this reason that in old prints and pictures representing the rooms of wealthy people curtains are so seldom seen. The better the house the less need there was for curtains. In the engravings of Abraham Bosse, which so faithfully represent the interior decoration of every class of French house during the reign of Louis XIII, it will be noticed that in the richest apartments there are no window curtains. In all the finest rooms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the inside shutters and embrasures of the windows were decorated with a care which proves that they were not meant to be concealed by curtains. In fact, it would be more difficult to cite a room of any importance in which the windows were not so treated than to enumerate examples of what really was a universal custom until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It is known, of course, that curtains were used in former times—prints, pictures and inventories alike prove the fact—but the care expended in the decorative treatment of windows makes it plain that the curtain, like the portiere, was regarded as a necessary evil rather than as part of the general scheme of decoration. The meagerness and simplicity of the curtain in old pictures prove that they were used merely as window shades or sun blinds.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Arab Fishing Yarn.

A fishing yarn from Algiers: "Some Arabs were fishing from a boat with lines off the coast when a dolphin seventeen feet long, eleven feet in circumference and weighing four tons swallowed one of the baited hooks and dashed off at a tremendous speed. The fishermen paid out as much line as possible and then made it fast. This brought the dolphin up sharply, but the strain snapped the line. The monster then attacked the boat and captured it, flinging the fishermen into the water. Other Arabs ashore waited till the dolphin was clear of the men and then killed it with rifles."

The Logical Question.

A J.P.'s Philadelphia boy was taken by his father for his first visit to the zoo. Stopping before an inclosure, he asked, "Papa, what animal is that?" Reading the sign tacked up to one side, his father responded, "That, my son, is a prong horned antelope." "Kin he blow his horns?" was the question that promptly followed.

Praise and Flattery.

We must define flattery and praise. They are distinct. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny. Thersites became obstinate in vice from the flattery of the senators.—Louis XVI.

Two Girls.

It is just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as it is to fall in love with a poor one, but it is generally easier to marry the poor one.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Press-News.

Vulgarity No Irish Trait.

There are certain notions that have the quality of vulgarity strongly in the blood, and indeed it seems to testify to a strong and full blooded vitality, a desire for self assertion, and thus we may expect to find vulgarity dogging like a shadow the footsteps of strong, energetic and pushing nationalities. But there are certain nations that have been accused of many faults that yet have never been accused of being vulgar. The Irish are a case in point. They have been accused of levity, of undue conviviality, of frivolity, of a tendency to romance, of untrustworthiness, of irresponsibility, but they have never been accused of vulgarity. There lies deep in the Celtic temperament a rich vein of emotion, a strong relish for the melancholy side of life. It is on this that their incomparable sense of humor is based, and it may be said that no one who feels at home with melancholy, who luxuriates in the strange contrast between the possibilities and the performances of humanity, is in any danger of vulgarity, for one of the essential components of vulgarity is a complacent self satisfaction, and if a man is apt to dwell regretfully on what might have been rather than cheerfully upon what is there is but little room for complacency.—A. C. Benson in Atlantic.

The British Toastmaster.

The British banquet differs from the American only in that the chairman presides, but does not keep order or announce the toasts. That is attended to by a professional toastmaster, who is a large person with a volcanic voice. While the guests are assembling he stands at the doorway and announces the names of the arrivals, who are then greeted by the chairman and passed into the push. When the guests are seated he takes up his station behind the chair of the presiding officer and commands order in these terms: "My lords and gentlemen, I pray you silence. We will now listen to the toast to his imperial majesty the German emperor, responded to by his excellency the lord chancellor." For the rest the speeches draw and drag, as in New York, with now and then a sparkle of wit or a flash of mental energy, usually from some unexpected quarter. The turtle soup is no better than ours. The toastmaster gets \$10 for a night's work.—New York World.

Protection For Swimmers.

"Cotton in the ears," said a physician, "should be used by all those who swim out beyond their depth. You know how often good swimmers of that type drown, don't you? Their drowning is imputed to cramp, but you will never find one of the drowned with his ears stuffed with cotton. Why? I'll tell you why. Because it isn't cramp that causes these drownings. It is a perforation of the eardrum, followed by unconsciousness, due to the pressure of the water. Cramp isn't, after all, the deadly thing it is made out to be. If you get a cramp in your leg while swimming, it is easy enough to roll over on your back and float. The cramp won't kill you. But a perforation of the eardrum is different. It takes away your senses, and down you go like a log. So always, if you are going to do much swimming, stuff cotton in your ears."—New York Press.

Diamond Mine Prisons.

Each of the great South African diamond mines has its several compounds, where the Kaffirs are imprisoned. These are inclosures with walls sufficiently high to prevent escape, and around the walls is a stretch of roofing sufficient to prevent the inmates from tossing diamonds to the outside to be picked up by confederates. In the early days the Kaffirs used to throw diamonds over the walls in tin cans, so that their wives or friends might come and pick them up. When the Kaffirs go to King's bery from their tribes they agree to submit to imprisonment. The shortest period is three months, but there are many who have never been out of the compounds for two or three years.—World's Work.

A Funny Incident.

When Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott and finally at the donkey ventured, "Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

The Art of the Parasol.

A well adjusted parasol enables you to hide blushes you don't want people to see and to hide the blushes that aren't there if you want people to think they are, and it enables you to cut people who deserve to be cut and to avoid people whom you don't want to see.—"The World and His Wife."

Consols by the Pennyworth.

It may not be generally known that a pennyworth of British consols can be purchased. Consols are not like shares, which are invariably of a certain denomination—£1, £5, £10, and so on—but can be divided up to any extent. It consequently happens that very small amounts of this lovely stock are bought to make up round sums, but no one can be registered at the Bank of England as a holder unless he has acquired enough to bring him to fourpence a year in dividends, and less than £1 will purchase a sufficient amount for that purpose.—London Saturday Review.

A Specimen.

"Mrs. Kivvetry is one of those anticipatory people, and I simply can't carry on a conversation with her without getting so nervous I feel as though I should fly to pieces," says the lady with the jade brooch. "Anticipatory?" asks the lady with out any long gloves. "How is that?" "She listens faster than you talk to her."—Life.

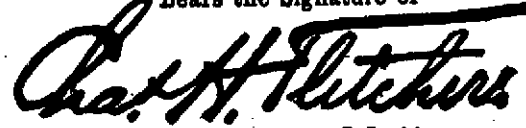
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FALL RIVER LINE

For New York, the South and West.

Steamers Priscilla and Puritan week days

Steamer Providence (new) Sundays

A FINE ORIENTAL YACHT

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days at 9:15 p.m.

Sundays at 10:00 a.m. Returning from

New York Steamers leave Fall River, North

River, foot of Water Street, week days and

Sundays at 5:30 p.m., due at Newport at

2:45 a.m., leaving there at 3:45 p.m., for

Fall River.

FARE—New York to Newport direct or by

steamer to Fall River, thence rail, \$3.00.

Port tickets and wintering apply at New

York & Boston Dispatch Express office, 27

Thomas street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

Also at Saunders wharf, Jamestown, S. W.

BRICE, Ticket Agent.

(H. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y.

H. C. HENDERSON, Sup't., New York.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

The school children have been contrib-

uting to the world's stock of knowl-

edge: "The pig is a very useful animal

to a woman." "A young cow is some-

times called an ox." One of the stom-

achs of the cow is shaped like the

leaves of the Bible." "The cow's father

is called a bullock." "Everything that

lives on a farm are called cattle." "When

a cow is alive it is used for

to get milk, but when it is dead it is used

to get mutton." "Some cows have

horns and are called bulls; the male

bulls are called heifers." "The flesh of

the lamb is called mutton."

For several days four or five sparrows

had visited a certain place on the roof

near my window. They always brought

food for another little fellow, who never

tried a flight from the spot. The visit-

ing sparrows never came empty billed.

They would drop tiny morsels of food

near the little sparrow. When it be-

gan to eat the crumbs the others set

up a great chirping, and then flew

away.

Peter the Great made a wife and em-

press of a girl who had been a servant

in the house of a Lutheran minister at

Marlenburg; Sir Henry Parkes, Will-

Cobbett and Thomas Coutts the mil-

lionsaire banker, all chose maids of all

work for their life partners, and Sir

Gervaise Clifton, the historian of Ja-

maica, had no fewer than seven wives,

each of whom had been in his own

service.

"She refused him several times."

"Yes?"

"And finally married him."

"And now?"

"She's suing for divorce."

"On the ground of?"

"Undue influence."—Indianapolis

News.

"You seem greatly interested in the

egg-eating contest."

"Yes, I am. I'm glad to encourage

any reasonable system of utilizing this

admirable article of food."

"May I ask your business?"

"Certainly I am an actor."—Cleve-

land Plain Dealer.

"What did you get out of that case?"

asked the first lawyer.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand

dollars," replied the second lawyer.

"Good round sum, eh?"

"Yes, but I thought the old man left

more than that."—Kansas City Inde-

pendent.

Bishop—Never again preach against

or reject so-called tainted money.

Curate—Yes, sir; but—

Bishop—No buts; if we intend to

successfully compete with the devil on

modern lines we must first ruin him

financially.—Life.

Schroeder (to his neighbor, a widow-
er)—"Why did you send your house-keeper away, since she was such a good
cook?"The Widower—"She made such
splendid puddings I was afraid I

should marry her."—Figende Blatter.

"Waiter, what does this mean?"

Twenty-five francs for two boiled

eggs?"

"Very sorry, sir. Slight mistake, sir.

I've given you the bill intended for the

American at the next table."—Pete

Mele.

Mrs. Muggins—"The doctor has ad-

vised Mrs. Jones to take things easy

for a while."

Mrs. Buggins—"I wondered why she

had discharged her servants and was

doing her own work."—Philadelphia

Record.

"You fellows pull like a lot of

